

COLUMBIA AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, Editor.

"TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH."

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Choice Poetry.

A GENUINE POEM.

The annexed stirring old poem, says the
Horn Journal, has the ring of the true
metal, and is as applicable now as when it
was written—for the philosophy is sound,
and, therefore, universal:

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Pompers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Cramped shirt and dirty jacket,
May bespeak the golden ore;
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vests could do no more.
There are springs of crystal water
Ever swelling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden
Hiddden crocus and evergreen.
God who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thence the highest
But as bubbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Off forgets his fellow then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember
That your meekest hands are men!
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.
There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-land hills,
There are fertile rich high uplands,
There are craters on the hills;
God who counts by souls, not stature,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as bubbles on the sea.

Totting hands on one another
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is personified,
Fed and fattened on the same,
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Laying only to enjoy.
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifts up his voice,
Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with love and light;
Be it wrong shall never prosper
While there is a sunny night,
God, whose world-head voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Fits oppression with its title,
As the bubbles on the sea.

Miscellaneous.

AUNT HETTY ON MATRIMONY.

"Now, girls," said Hetty, "put down
your embroidery and worsted works; do
something sensible, and stop building air
castles, and talking of lovers and honey-
moons; it makes me sick, it is perfectly
antipathetic."

"Love is a farce, matrimony is a hum-
bug, husbands are domestic Napoleons,
Neroses, Alexanders, and sighing for other
hearts to conquer after they are sure of
yours."

The honey-moon is as short lived as a
lucifer match; after that you may wear
your wedding dress at the wash tub, and
your husband won't know it.

"You may pick up your own pocket
handkerchief, help yourself to a chair, and
split your gown across the back reaching
over the table to get a piece of butter,
while he is laying in his breakfast as if it
were the last meal he should eat in the
world."

"When he gets through he will aid
your digestion while you are sipping your
first cup of coffee, by inquiring what you'll
have for dinner, whether the cold lamb
was all ate yesterday, if the charcoal is all
out, and what you gave for the last green
tea you bought, and where you got it."

"Then he gets up from the table, lights
his cigar with the last evening's paper that
you have not had a chance to read, gives
two or three whiffs of smoke, sure to give
you the headache for the afternoon, and
just as his coat tail is vanishing through
the door, apologizes for not doing that er-
rand for you yesterday, he is so pressed
with business."

"Hear of him at 11 o'clock taking ice
cream with some ladies at Vinton's while
you are at home new lining his coat
sleeves. Children by the cars all day
can't get out to take the air, feel as dizzy
as a fly in a drum, husband comes home
at night, a nod, a how d'ye do, Fan boxes
little Charley's cars, stands little Fanny
in the corner, sits down in the easiest
chair in the warmest corner, puts his feet
up over the grate, shutting out all the fire
from view."

"The baby's little pug nose grows blue
with the cold; he reads the newspaper all
to himself, solaces the inner man with a
cup of tea, and just as you are laboring
under the hallucination that he will ask
you to take a mouthful of fresh air with
him, he puts on his dressing gown and
slippers and begins to reckon up his family
expenses!"

"After this he lays down on the sofa,
and you keep time with your needle while
he snores till nine o'clock."

"Next morning ask him to leave you a
little money: he looks at you as if to be
sure you are in your right mind, draws a
sigh long and strong enough to inflate a
pair of bellows, and asks you what you
want to do with it, and if a half a dollar
won't do."

"Gracious king! as if these little shoes
and stockings, and petticoats could be had
for a half a dollar!"

"Oh, girls! set your affections on pos-
sibles, cats parrots or lap dogs, but let mat-
rimony alone. It is the hardest way on
earth of getting a living; you never know
when your work is done up."

"Think of carrying nine or ten children
through the measles, chicken pox, mumps,
rash and scarlet fever, some of them twice
over; it makes my head ache to think of it."

"Oh, you may crimp and save, and
twist and turn and dig, delve, and econo-
mize, and die, and your husband will mar-
ry again, and take what you have saved
to dress his second wife with, and she'll
take your portrait for a fire-board; but
what's the use of talking?"

"I'll warrant every one of you'll try it
the first chance you get; there is a sort of
bewitchment about it somehow. I wish
one half the world wasn't fools, and t'other
idiots, I do, oh, dear me!"

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES.

One of the most eminent American di-
vines, who has for some time been coun-
celled to forego the pleasure of reading,
has spent some thousands of dollars in
vain, and lost years of time, in conse-
quence of getting up several hours before
day and studying by artificial light. His
eyes will never get well.

Multitudes of men and women have their
eyes weak for life, the too free use of sight
in reading fine print and doing fine sewing.
In view of these things, it will be well to
observe the following rules in the use of
the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light
and darkness.

Never begin to read, write, or sew, for
several minutes after coming from dark-
ness into a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight,
or on a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of
the light, or window, or door.

It is best to have the light fall from a
bove obliquely, over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on the first awaken-
ing the eye shall open on the light of a
window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so
seam that it requires an effort to discrimi-
nate. The moment you are instinctively
urged to rub the eyes, that moment cease
using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on wak-
ing up, do not forcibly open them; but
apply the saliva with the finger—it is the
speediest dilutant in the world; then wash
your eyes and face in warm water.

Hall's Journal of Health

A WORD TO BOYS.

Who is respected? It is the boy who
conducts himself well, who is honest, dili-
gent, and obedient in all things. It is
the boy who is making an effort contin-
ually to respect his father, and to obey him
in whatsoever he may direct to be done.
It is the boy who is kind to other boys,
who respects age, and who never gets into
difficulties and quarrels with his compan-
ions. It is the boy who leaves no effort
untried to improve himself in knowledge
and wisdom every day; who is busy and
active in endeavoring to do good acts to-
ward others.

Show me a boy who obeys his parents,
who is diligent, who has respect for age,
who applies himself diligently to get wis-
dom and to do good to others, and if he is
not respected and beloved by everybody,
then there is no such thing as truth in the
world. Remember this, boys, and you
will be respected by others, and will grow
up and become useful men.

A young lady says the reason she
carries a parasol is, that the sun is of the
masculine gender, and she cannot withstand
his ardent glances.

OLD ABE WRITES US A LETTER AND SENDS US A STICK.

We received, per U. S. Express, Co.,
on Saturday, one of the 'sticks, old Abe
split and the following letter. It appears
Abe thought we were the editor of a Re-
publican paper, and gives us some advice
as to how we should proceed, requesting
us to 'play the thing mighty fine.' Seneca
Advertiser.

Springfield Ill June 6 60.

W. W. Armstrong,

Sir—I send you this day by U. S. Ex-
press Kumpsey one of them Roles which
have been pokin up such a row throwout
all of these grate States minus sum 23
what don't vote our ticket. You kin rely
on this being the 'rail article' as it were
split by my individual self sum 40 years
since when I were flatboating down the
wabash river for this ockashun. I want
you to go in and git up atomendous ex-
citement over this yer d—d stick as it am
the only plank in our black Republican
platform that takes at all and we must bile
our eggs while the water is hot or we are
goners sure as preachin.

Horganize yer wid-a-wake & clubs rite
away & send down to Kolumbus to Folit
Fostre and Ko for dociments. I am in
snooks with folit Fostre and Ko. and
we divide the spiles or profets on the doc-
iments.

Them er speeches that ar published as
mine were all writ by Joe Sloocum that
was sent to the penitentiary sum time since
for hoss stealin but were pardoned out by
our republican Governor for my benefit.
How do they take down in old Seneca Co
Skarter um around among the igitent
farmers and mekonies profusely. Let me
kno if I shall send you any more roles as
we are over run with orders from obrod.—
I am sorry to say I have bin sum what
horn swaggled in this rail biznis—a d—d
poor cuss down in oberlin sent to me
for 16 dozen which I forwarded to him
and paid the charges myself as he writ me
had a nary a red. I hev bin since inform-
ed that the ole kuss cut em all up for fire
wood & wote need any more would for
a right smart time to cum.

I think I am not mistaken in yore bein
editure of the Tiffin tribune am I say.—
It won't do to let this yer thing git out as
the devil wood be to pay if it did, and we
must play this yer thing mighty fine.
I want you to go in heavy on the idee
that the first sillible of my last name and
the last sillible of my first name and the
first and last sillible of both my names
makes 'Abe Linkum'—its a mighty good
joke and there are a big lot of supersti-
tious igitent laboring men in the kuntry
that will think it happened because we
were forordained to be elected don't yer
see. Go in on all these things cause the
Lord knows there nothing else to go in
on and me a copy of your very valuable
paper once & a while now and then when I
git elected I won't leave you out in the cold.
I Klose now and in the words of the
immortal big dutch poet I say 'Bulley for
us.'

ABE LINCOLN,
The County Splitter.

BE MANLY.—Never try to keep out of
any one's way when you are owing him
anything unless it is a thrashing. It is
bad enough in all conscience, to be in debt,
but don't make your condition worse by
growing mean under its pressure. When
you absolutely can't pay up at the appoint-
ed time, don't make believe sick, don't
skulk about in any out of the way streets to
avoid meeting your creditor's, don't sneak
around the first corner when you catch
sight of him before he has seen you. All
such conduct is unmanly. No doubt you
are adverse to stand face to face with a
man to whom you are a debtor—it is mor-
tifying, very, but it is only one of the
natural consequences of borrowing; and
as you have incurred the penalty, why
meet it like a man. Face your creditor,
let him know you neither forget the debt,
nor underdate his patience to you. Say
frankly, that you are very sorry to keep
him so long out of his money, and that
you will pay up as fast and as soon as you
can.

This is the only way to conduct your-
self in the case. There is no respect due
to men or women who, failing to be able
to meet their payments at the proper
time, instead of going at once and explain-
ing the reason why they fail, and do and
say all they can to assure their creditors
that they mean no dishonesty, just sneak
about carefully, anxious only to shun the
creditor's sight. Be manly.

Profane language is to conversation
what ten-inch spikes would be to venering
—splitting, shivering, and defacing it.

THE SAp-BoILERS DOOM.

Ethan Spike, of the Portland Trans-
cript has commenced in that paper a tale
which is about as sensible and true to na-
ture—and a great deal funnier—than
most of the stories of the Ledger stamp,
which are now-a-days published. We
extract the concluding chapter of the first
number:

CHAPTER V.

'AR THAT A GOST?'—Old Play.

We hev sed it was night. And once
for all, we say agin—
It was night.

In the fore room of the widdier Tuttle's
house sot the widdier Tuttle's only darter,
To say that Serefeener Tuttle—such was
her name—likewise her natur—was a lov-
ly gal, would be several rows of apple-
trees away from meeting her case. Her
raven tresses were redder than her nose,
onexpressible eyes, teeth—grinders—to-
thers been took aout—probably ivory.—
Add to these the form of a syrup, and you
hev one of them gals kalkerlated to made
a man strike his father and kick his grand-
mother, break the ten commandments,
and pretty much everything else.

Leastwise so thought Jeems Perkings,
as he nelt at her feet that cold, cold night.

'Fairrest of the fair sects,' implored the
youth, 'heer me swar!'

She said she would.

And he sword.

'May I be whittled inter kindlin wood,'
swore Jeems, 'may I be used for stuffing
sarsiges, if I ever—'

Here the strain caused by neelin was
too much for Jeemes onmentionables gave
way. Jeemes kerfummuxed.

A dolly paller surfused the classic
countenance of the lovely Serefeener. 'O
grashtus!' she cried and then swooned.

And then Jeemes he swowned too.

Then—as if this had bin the signal—
thunder boelled, lightning flashed, and
the wind roared in the gossamer tone of
an expirin tree-tode, 'this are the lying
gals!'

Even life once more returned to the dy-
ing youth. For a single moment he set on
the hairth; graceful as a Roman sentier a
foldin his tozzy did he gather his cote
tails round his trowis—sorrowfully did
he gaze upon the face of his beloved—and
solemnly he replied—
'It kaint be so—it's too airly!'

Hardly had he seced speekin—or more
properly, skasely hed he dried up—when
the door opened, and

The sequel to this thrilling tale—'The
Sap-Biler's Doom,' will be wrote as soon
as the gifted orthor finds time and ideas.

Note to the Orthor.—'Truth knocked
inter the middle of next week will rise
again—but error bunged kaint dew it.'

Wot Solomon said to Simon Magog
about the Queen of Sheby, is just as true
as now. 'Truth ain't no stranger than
fickskun.' This ere sentiment is pekw-
liarly pat to our thrillin story.

The leadin incidents is all founded on
fax, particularly that about the dreadful
end of Ompossible Penaby. To all doubt-
ers, it is enough to say that the identical
hogen whar he met his fate is still to be
seen.

ENEMIES.—Have you enemies? Go
straight on and mind them not. If they
block up your path, walk round them, and
do your duty regardless of their spite. A
man who has got no enemies is seldom
good for anything—he is made of that kind
of material which is so easily worked, that
every one has his hand in it. A sterling
character, one who thinks for himself, and
speaks what he thinks, is always sure to
have enemies. They are necessary to him
as fresh air; they keep him alive and ac-
tive. A celebrated character, who was
surrounded with enemies used to remark:
'They are sparks which if you do not
blow, will go out themselves.' Let this
be your feeling, while endeavoring to live
down the scandal of those who are bitter
against you. If you stop to dispute, you
do as they bid, and open the way for
more abuse. Let the poor fellow talk
—there will be a re-action, if you perform
your duty, and hundreds who were once
alienated from you, will flock to you and
acknowledge their error.

"How do you get along with your
arithmetic?" asked a father of his little
boy.

"I've ciphered through addition, par-
tition, subtraction, justification, hallu-
cination, darnation, amputation, creation
and adoption."

He'd go for an engineer on a "short
line railroad."

Political.

Lincoln on the Slavery Question and Negro Equality.

The considerations involved in the
question of negro slavery, as connected
with our government, are of the first im-
portance; but I have neither the time nor
inclination to examine them now. If I
had, it would, perhaps, be entirely un-
necessary. Almost every citizen has
made up his mind as to his duty in regard
to the institution, and he only desires to
know the views and opinions of the indi-
vidual asking his suffrage; and when he
ascertains them, he knows how to vote.
Upon this point Mr. Lincoln's record in
public life. Indeed, he is solely in-
debted to it for his present position.
Sagacious enough to see the general prej-
udice against slavery, without reference
to the manner in which it became inter-
woven with a portion of the States of this
Confederacy, he early mounted upon the
back of the negro, and has ever since
been riding him under whip and spur for
office. He has outstripped SEWARD and
SUMNER and HALE and BATES and LOVE-
JOY, and they stand, with folded arms,
looking on, surprised to find he has dis-
tanced them in the race! When in Con-
gress, he voted to apply the Wilmot pro-
viso to Oregon and in favor of making the
exclusion of slavery from the territory to be
acquired from Mexico a necessity to the
acquisition and establishment of govern-
ment. He also submitted a proposition
to abolish slavery in the District of
Columbia, on condition the people thereof
voted to abolish it, and the General Gov-
ernment paid for the slaves liberated.—
He claimed, and now claims, absolute and
exclusive legislative jurisdiction in Con-
gress over this District; and yet he only
proposes to terminate slavery here, first,
if the inhabitants want it done, and, sec-
ondly, if the General Government shall
pay for the slaves. Why this discrimina-
tion? Why not allow the people of a
Territory, as well as the people of this
District, to say whether they will or will
not have slavery? The pioneer to a new
Territory should certainly be treated with
equal consideration to the slaveholder in
Washington city; but Mr. Lincoln does
not seem to think so. The one, he says,
shall not have slaves; the other may have,
if he wants to! "Consistency,
thou art a jewel!"

I have already said, Mr. Chairman,
that Greeley claims for Mr. Lincoln that
he was the original constructor of the
Republican platform. Greeley ought to
know, for he did more to effect his nom-
ination than any other man in America,
and is now his special organ. I wish he
had gone a step further, and told us *when*
and *where* Mr. Lincoln did that job.
After the overthrow of the old Whig par-
ty, and in 1854, the first Republican con-
vention was held in Illinois. Mr. Lin-
coln's name appears in its published pro-
ceedings as one of the committee who re-
ported the resolutions. Mr. Lincoln, how-
ever, now denies he was at the convention.
Is it not strange that his name should
appear among those appointed to report
resolutions and yet he not be there? But
I will not stop to quibble about that. I
ask the Clerk to read the platform, which
Mr. Lincoln never thought it necessary
for him to come out and repudiate. Do
they constitute the platform referred to by
Mr. Greeley?

The Clerk read, as follows:
"1. Resolved, We believe this truth to be
self-evident; that when parties become
subversive of the ends for which they are
established, or incapable of restoring the
Government to the true principles of the
Constitution, it is the right and duty of
the people to dissolve the political bands
by which they have been connected there-
with, and to organize new parties upon
such principles and with such views as the
circumstances and exigencies of the nation
may demand."

"2. Resolved, That the times impera-
tively demand the reorganization of parties;
and repudiating all previous party
attachments, names, and predilections, we
unite ourselves together in defense of the
liberty and Constitution of the country,
and will hereafter cooperate as the Re-
publican party, pledged to the accomplish-
ment of the following purposes: To bring
the administration of the Government
back to the control of first principles; to
restore Nebraska and Kansas to the pos-
sion of free Territories; that, as the Con-
stitution of the United States vest in the
States, and not in Congress, the power to
legislate for the extradition of fugitives
from labor; to repeal and entirely abro-
gate the fugitive slave law; to restrict
slavery to those States in which it exists;
to prohibit the admission of any more
slave States into the Union; to abolish
slavery in the District of Columbia; to
exclude slavery from all the Territories
over which the General Government has
exclusive jurisdiction; and to resist the
requirements of any more Territories un-
less the practice of slavery therein shall
have been forever prohibited."

"3. Resolved, That, in furtherance of
these principles, we will use such constitu-
tional and lawful means as shall seem best
adapted to their accomplishment, and that
we will support no man for office, under
the General or State government, who is
not positively and fully committed to the
support of these principles, and whose
personal character is not a guarantee that
he is reliable, and who shall not have
abjured old party allegiance and ties."

Those resolutions, Mr. Chairman, were
subsequently adopted, in substance, at a
congressional convention held in the dis-
trict of represented by my colleague,
[Mr. WASHBURN], and which put him
in nomination. He accepted them as his
platform, ran and was elected upon them,
and has never, as far as I know, repudi-
ated them; and he now appears in this
Hall as the indorser and defender of Mr.
Lincoln. He tells us they have gone to-
gether for twenty years; and of all my
four Republican colleagues on this floor,
he is the one selected as the defender of
the record and the advocate of the faith
of the record. Why? Simply because
he agreed with him more fully than the
others, and was better acquainted with his
views and opinions. Mr. Lincoln, in
view of their harmony of doctrines and in-
timate relations, might, with great ap-
propriateness, apply to my colleague the
language of Ruth and Naomi:

"Whither thou goest, I will go, and
where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy peo-
ple shall be my people, and thy God my
God."

"How can two walk together in unity
except they be agreed?"

In 1858 another Republican convention
was held in Illinois, which designated Mr.
Lincoln as its choice for Senator. Now
he steps out a little further on the political
stage; and, in dealing with him, it is not
important to inquire what he has or has
not said about this or that matter as a
politician. What the people want to be
informed on are his *doctrines* and their
results. In that convention he made a
speech, in which he enucleated and put
forth the "irrepressible-conflict" senti-
ment. He declared that this Government
could not exist half slave and half free;
that it must become all one thing or all
the other. How was this to be produced?
He leaves us in no doubt as to his opinion
that it was to come about. How? By a
war of the free upon the slave States; by
imbruing our hands in our brothers'
blood. Either the slave States are to
subjugate the free States, or the free
States are to subjugate the slave States.
They must, says Mr. Lincoln, *ALL* become
one thing *ALL* free or *ALL* slave, and, of
course, if he is elected President, he will
not be contented to administer the Gov-
ernment as our fathers made it, but will
direct his attention to the consummation
of his object. The consequences can be
easily foreseen. I will not pause to lift
the veil, that I may see what lies beyond.
God save the Republic!

Without going too much into detail,
Mr. Lincoln's position is simply this: he
denies to the people of the Territories the
right to determine whether they will or
will not have slavery; and declares they
shall not have it, if they want it; thus
violating a fundamental principle of self-
government. He is in favor of making all
the slave States free States. More than
that, he teaches the doctrine of negro
equality. I care not how much he may
deny it, his language is susceptible of but
one rational construction. I will read
what he said in some of his campaign
speeches in Illinois; and let all who hear
me judge of it:

"I should like to know, if, taking this
old Declaration of Independence, which
declares that all men are equal, man says
it does not mean a negro, why not another
say it does not mean some other man?
If that declaration is not the truth, let us
get the statute-books in which we find it
and tear it out."

And again:
"Let us discard all this quibbling about
this man and the other man—this race
and that race and the other race being
inferior, and therefore they must be placed
in an inferior position—discarding our
standard that we have left us. Let us
discard all these things, and unite as one
people throughout this land, until we shall
once more stand up declaring that all men
are created equal."

"I leave you, hoping that the lamp of
liberty will burn in your bosoms until there
shall no longer be a doubt that all men
are created free and equal."

WHAT IS LIFE?—The mere elaps of
years is not life. To eat, and drink, and
sleep—to be exposed to darkness and the
light—to pace round the mill of habit, and
turn thought into an implement of trade—
this is not life. In all this but a poor
fraction of the consciousness of humanity
is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber
which make it worth while to be. Knowl-
edge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith,
alone can give vitality to the mechanism
of existence. The laugh of mirth that vi-
brates through the heart—the tear that
freshens the dry wastes within—the music
that brings childhood back—the prayer
that calls the future near—the doubt which
makes us meditate—the death which startles
us with mystery—the hardship which
forces us to struggle—the anxiety that
ends in trust—are the true nourishment of
our natural being.

SUCCESS.—The first and chief element
of success is decision of character. With-
out this, and the kindred traits that are
always found in its company, such as resolu-
tion, courage and hope, there is little
chance of success. With it "there is no
such word as fail," and seldom any such
thing as failure. To such a spirit even
difficulties afford a stimulus, and dangers
a spur—"for a resolute mind," it has for-
cibly been said, "is omnipotent."

SABBATH READING.

GOD IN NATURE.

Who, possessed of an intelligent mind,
can gaze upon the handiwork of nature,
which fills the boundless space of infinity,
and whose mighty wonders are grouped in
countless myriads on either side, and yet
deny the existence of a creative power.

How beautiful are the works of the De-
ity. How do they glimmer forth from the
face of the universe, rendering this earth
a scene of blended wisdom and beauty.—
Man may carve the elegant architecture of
the stately palace walls, and twine with
ivy the graceful columns which support the
Panthons of ancient times—may strive
with artistic skill to imitate the darts which
deck the opening rose, and yet the eye,
though lured by these, the splendors of a
lesser power, still seeks for grander objects
from a master's hand. 'Tis then all art
sinks into insignificance, while nature rises
into sweet sublimity, and from each bloom-
ing rose proclaims the majesty of God.

Is there no God in nature? Ask that
towering mountain, as it mocks the efforts
of the boiling surge, to crumble into dust
its mighty form; or as it lifts its hoary
head above the clouds, and bids defiance
to the warring elements; or yet again as
some fierce wintry blast has spent its
strength against its aged side; do not these
time-worn rocks, piled in stupendous
heaps upon its base; these lofty pines;
these wonders of the mountain soil annihi-
late thought of chance, as they whisper to
each passing breeze that sweeps their aged
brow "By God's great hand alone were
all things formed."

Go, ask amid the wonders of the mighty
deep, is there no unseen power which wind
and waves obey; has chance filled all the
sea with living things, and formed the white
capped waves that dash against the stately
ship as it heaves amid the foaming spray;
and is there no directing hand to guide
those swollen waves? With the low deep
murmurs of that heaving sea there comes
a sweet reply: "The all-prevading God
directs, controls and moves in all."

Go, stand in yonder burning zone,
when the scorching heat of the relentless
king of day descends in sweltering rays
upon the howling plains; when the pent
up billows of seething flame shake the deep
foundation stones of earth, and send their
horrid thunder tones to echo in the highest
heaven.

Go, climb with me the rugged sides of
some volcanic mass, and cast a question-
ing look into the awful cataract of unfa-
thomed depth; or see it veil the heavens
with blue sulphurous flame, or send its
crackling streams of burning lava from its
mouth, to cool in monumental pile, and
stand transfixed, while times great clock
shall toll the ages yet to be. Leap from
this ether world, and scale the unfound
regions of the infinite—walk over the star-
lit canopy of God's eternal blue—dilate
the altar and the grave—trace Nature
down through the invisible, till, as you
swell into infinity above, you sink into in-
finity below.